The Remembrancer;

CONTAINING

Three excellent Songs, viz.

1. The Battle of the Boyne.
2. The Faire Lover.
3. The Life of the Mariner.

Warrington, printed by W. Eyres.

The Battle of the Boyne.

ON July firſt in Old Bridge Town,
There was a grievous battle,
Where many a man lay on the ground,
While cannons they did rattle.
The Iriſh then they vow'd revenge,
Againſt King William's forces,
And ſolemnly they did proteſt,
That they would ſtop his courſes.
In Old Bridge Town ſtrong guards they kept
And more at the Boyne water,
King James began five days too ſoon,
With guns and cannons rattling.
He pitch'd his camps, ſecur'd his ground
Thinking not to retire,
But King William threw his hot balls in,
And ſet their tents on fire.
A bullet from the Iriſh [illegible],
Which graz'd King [illegible]m's arm,
They thought his majeſty was ſlain,
But he received no harm.
His general in friendſhip came,
His king would often caution,
To ſhun the ſpot where bullets hot,
Did fly in rapid motion.
He did not mind, King William ſaid,
The name of a commander,

BRITISH MUSEUM 15 JUN

That will not venture life and limb,
To make his foes ſurrender.
King William ſaid unto his men,
Brave boys we are well armed,
And if you'll all courageous be,
We'll venture and take the water.
The horſe were order'd to march on firſt,
And the foot did ſoon follow after,
But brave Duke Schemberg loſt his life,
By venturing o'er the water.
Be not diſmay'd King William ſaid,
For the loſs of one commander,
For God will be our king to day,
And I'll be general under.
In princely mien the Prince march'd on,
His men ſoon followed after,
With ſhell and ſhot the Iriſh fought,
And made a grievous ſlaughter.
King James eſpied the Engliſh then,
King William he governed,
He thought better to retreat,
Than ſtand and be diſarmed.
The Proteſtants of Drogheda,
Have reaſon to be thankful,
That they were not to bondage brought,
Although they were but a handful.
Firſt to thoſe they were brought,
And try'd at Mill-town after,

But brave King William ſet them free,
By venturing over the water.
High to Dundalk the ſubtle French,
Had taken up their quarters,
And on a plain in ambuſh lay,
A waiting for freſh orders.
But in the dead time of the night,
They ſet their tents on fire,
And long before the break of day,
To Dublin did retire.
King William was our general,
No mortal e'er was braver,
With hat in hand his valiant men,
He thanked for their behaviour,
The pattern day proved too hot,
For King James and his army,
He would rather chooſe for to retreat,
Than ſtand and be diſarmed.
We give our prayers night and day,
Both now and ever after,
And never let us forget the day,
King James ran from the water.

The falſe LOVER.

FArewell the ſweet pleaſures of loving,
The flowers and meadows ſo gay;
Where firſt my poor heart was deluded,

And by a falſe man ſtole away.
'Tis hard for young maids to believe 'em,
For young men can flatter and lie,
Their pleaſure is to be deceiving,
All for a young man I muſt die.
When firſt they do vow to adore you,
If you but their offers ſhould ſlight,
They will form ten thouſand fine ſtories,
And ſwear they are ruined quite;
They'll make you a thouſand fine preſents,
On purpoſe your hearts to betray;
Young virgins take care of deluſion,
And let not your hearts go aſtray.
They well know young virgins do love them,
Indeed they are naturally prone,
For man is a glorious creature,
Their hearts are like ſnakes among flowers,
That are hid from the ſight of the ſun.
That maiden who doats on her lover,
Is ſurely for ever undone;
For they will decoy you to ruin,
And then they'll leave you forlorn;
When friends and acquaintance do ſlight you,
And if unto them you make moan,
With flouts and with jeers they'll revile you,
Your rival they'll bring to your ſight,
What fooliſh maid doats on her lover,
Is ſure to be ruined quite.

(6)

My parents unto me are cruel,
Becauſe I did love this falſe man;
Love has been the cauſe of my ruin,
But ſtill let me do what I can.

My heart I ſhall never recover,
It's buried within his falſe breaſt,
What fooliſh maid doats on her lover,
Muſt never expect to have reſt.

I wiſh I had never beheld him,
But many ways he had to charm,
When he robb'd me of my virgin treaſures,
He ſwore he would do me no harm.

We both went to gather ſome flowers,
On the banks of white lilies we play'd,
Like moments did ſeem the long hours,
When I to his will was betray'd.

Young Cupid come ſend down an arrow,
To his ſtubborn heart let it fly,
Did he then but know half the ſorrow,
I ſuffer for his cruelty.

But man has no heart for to pity,
They laugh at our ſorrow and woe;
Pray virgins begin to be witty,
Leſt love ſhould be your overthrow.

The Life of the Mariner.

HOW pleaſant a ſailor's life paſſes.
Who roams o'er the watery main:
No treaſure he ever amaſſes,
But cheerfully ſpends all his gain.
We're ſtrangers to party and faction,
To honour and honeſty true,
And would not commit a baſe action,
For power and profit in view.

CHORUS.

Then why ſhould we quarrel for riches,
Or any ſuch glittering toys?
A light heart, and a pair of thin breeches,
Go thorough the world, my brave boys.

The world is a beautiful garden,
Enrich'd with the bleſſings of life;
The toiler with plenty rewarding,
Which plenty too often breeds ſtrife,
When terrible tempeſts aſſail us,
And mountainous billows affright:
Nor grandeur nor wealth can avail us;
But ſkilful ind[illegible] right.
Then why ſhould we, &c.

The courtier's more ſubject to dangers,
Who rules at the helm of the ſtate,
Than we, who're to politics ſtrangers,
Eſcape the ſnares laid for the great.
The various bleſſings of nature,
In various nations we try;
No mortals than us can be greater,
Who merrily live till we die.

CHORUS.

Then why ſhould we quarrel for riches,
Or any ſuch glittering toys?
A light heart, and a pair of thin breeches,
Go thorough the world, my brave boys.

FINIS.